

Children's Department.

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND.

The great red moon was swinging
Alow in the purple east;
The robins had ceased from singing;
The noise of the day had ceased;
The golden sunset islands
Had faded into the sky,
And warm from the sea of silence
A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting
That the treetop breathed a kiss,
And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting,
Chirped a wee note of bliss;
It stole over fragrant thickets
As soft as an owl could fly,
And whispered to tiny crickets
The words of a lullaby

Then slowly the purple darkened,
The whispering trees were still,
And the hush of the woodland harkened
To a crying whip-poor-will;
And the moon grew whiter, and by it
The shadows lay dark and deep;
But the fields were empty and quiet,
For the wind had fallen asleep.

—Charles B. *Going in Ladies' Home Journal.*

OLD JIM—A HERO.

The Mount Morris correspondent of the "Post-Express" says: "Old Jim is the hero of the hour on the George Wampole place. He is a big bay horse, homely but intelligent. Last night he slipped his halter and presented himself at his master's bedroom window about two o'clock, where he rubbed his nose against the sash—Mr. Wampole sleeps on the first floor—and whinnied until he aroused the folks. Mr. Wampole was mad. He had been up until midnight with a sick child, and he wanted to sleep; but he got up and led the troublesome animal back to the stable, returned to bed, and was on the borderland between consciousness and dreamland when crash went the window. This time Old Jim had poked his nose through a pane, and the cold night air blew in. Mr. Wampole got up, put Jim in the stable, and used some bad words. Upon his return to bed he told his wife that there would be peace the rest of the night. But it was not to be. For the third time Jim returned to the window, this time bringing part of the halter. Upon investigation Mr. Wampole found in a back stable, behind the one in which Old Jim is kept, one of his horses—the mate to Jim—cast and helpless. It was a narrow stall, and he might have died before morning. By dint of hard work Mr. Wampole pulled him around and got him on his feet. Then he went back to Old Jim's stall and stood looking at him. 'Well,' said he, 'that beats all!' And he took the rest of Jim's halter off and threw it behind the feed

box. 'Old Jim,' he said, 'shall never wear a halter again. He knows as much as a man.'"

MISTRESS POLLY AND JIM CROW.

They were bitter enemies, altho they lived in the same house.

Polly had been there a week, and began to think she owned everything. She gave her orders in the most amusing way. In the morning the first thing would be, "A cup of coffee, Mary, quick!" Then, "Now I'll walk out. I want to walk out." And if she was not attended to at once she would exhibit a frightful temper, or utter the most pathetic reproaches.

Her self-pity was quite moving. "Poor Polly, poor Polly's so hungry! Polly's sick. Nobody loves Polly."

One day a handsome black cat was given to me. I named him Jim Crow. I took him in to visit Polly, as I knew they would see a good deal of each other.

Jim Crow glared at Polly out of his green eyes till they looked like balls of fire. Then he uttered a dreadful m-e-e-o-w that was a challenge in itself.

Polly ruffled up her feathers, tossed her head, and screamed out, "You black nigger!" What Jim Crow would have called her, if he could talk, I can only imagine. But all hope of making friends between them was at an end. Jim would look at her for an hour at a time, and pour forth a torrent of abuse in cat language.

Polly's favorite retort would always come in time. How she knew the cat was black will ever be a puzzle. They kept up their quarrel for several months.

One day Jim came home in a sad plight. He had been shot, and I feared he would die. I washed and bandaged his wound, but he grew worse every moment.

Polly had been looking on with much interest. Suddenly she flew down from her perch to his side.

"Poor Jim! poor Jim!" she said. Then she began to cry as only a parrot can. In the midst of her grief she broke into a wicked laugh, and ended with her usual taunt, "You black nigger!"

But poor Jim Crow could not flash his eyes at her again. He breathed his last in a few moments, and we carried Polly to his funeral.—*Our Little Ones.*

A BRAVE BOY.

They were two such little fellows trotting along the streets of our great city, the younger so small a toddler that his footsteps were unsteady. Against a slight obstruction in the pavement he struck the ragged toe of his little shoe, and fell heavily forward on his face. Up rose a good-sized boyish scream of pain. But in a moment the elder child was at his

side, and tugging away soon pulled him on to his feet.

"Don't cry, Georgie," he pleaded, "don't cry; you know that now papa has gone to heaven we have to be mamma's little men."

Bravely Georgie tried to stifle his cries; one fat little hand went up to his forehead where a large bump was rapidly swelling, and for a minute he stood still, battling with pain and against a disposition to relieve his feelings by their natural outlet. Finally, with a "big swallow," he placed his other hand within that of his brother, and a look of determination settled about the baby mouth and chin as he replied, "No, I'll not cry. Babies cry! I'se mamma's little man."

"God bless 'mamma's little men!'" I ejaculated.

If such a baby can come off conqueror against the hard knocks of life, it shows that there is the material for a splendid man who will not weaken under adversities—and that is the kind of men of which our country is in need.—*Observer.*

"I SAY, MISTER!"

A little junior, while out walking, saw a man going up a high ladder with a board of bricks on his head, and as she stood watching him she thought every minute she would see him fall to the ground; but after he had gone up two or three times, she called out to him, "I say, mister, aren't you afraid to go up that big ladder?"

He laughed and replied, "No, I'm not afraid; I'm used to it."

This hardly seemed to satisfy her, and after thinking for a minute or two she said, "I guess, mister, why you're not afraid."

"Why is it?" he asked.

"Because before you came this morning you knelt down and asked Jesus to keep you safe."

The man answered nothing, but all the day long those words seemed to be ringing in his ears, and before long he could have been seen kneeling at the cross and accepting Christ as his guide and protector in his life. Some months later Jesus wanted this little junior for higher service, and at the graveside the man told how these few simple words had been used by God to his soul's salvation.

Sow the seed, children; God will give the increase.—*Young Soldier.*

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as ever you can.